THE UGLY AMERICAN

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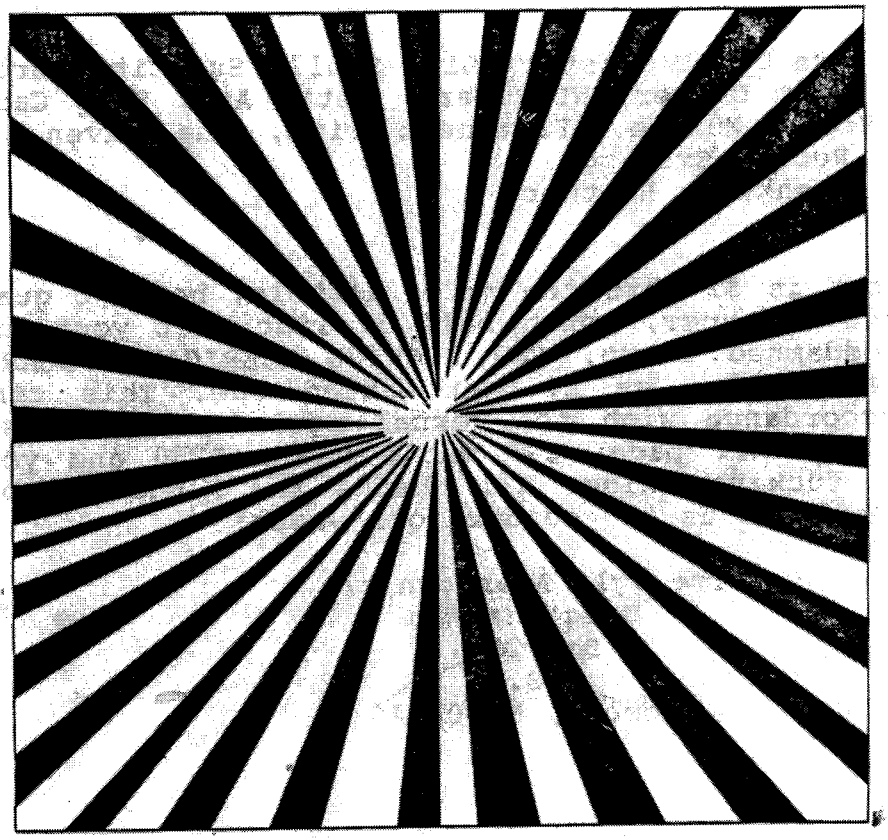


WHITE LIGHT seen during the early stages of intoxication with a hallucinogenic drug is portrayed. The visual imagery is reported to explode from the center to the periphery. Pattern appears initially in black and white, but bright colors may develop as the experience progresses.

LIVE SKULL

SUN CITY GIRLS

THE UGLY AMERICAN # 3

"We'll make you embarrassed to be alive."

Big Cheese: Greg Chapman

Power Of Suggestion: Ed S.

Man About Town: Tim Cronin

Scholarly Thug: J. Christopher Marlowe

A Flaming Rump Ride To: Floydster, Live Skull, Sun City Gurls, GG Allin, The Man From Dagger, WLFRsters, Betty ACC, King Carcass, Byron Coley, Scott Munroe, Factsheet Five, The Raven, Chaos Records, Philly Record Exchange.
...with special thanks ta Heather.

The Ugly American is **$2** thru the mail, asshole, not two quarters taped to a piece of paper, not a ball of lint, not your fucking zine, not a goddamned stamp, TWO FUCKING AMERICAN DOLLARS. No subscriptions available, as if you wanted one. This zine is published in accordance with the vernal equinox. Ad rates: $5 quarter page, $10 half page, $20 whole page, $250 and you can have the whole fucking thing. All checks and M.O.s payable to Greg Chapman. Write to us if you dare our wrath;

The Ugly American c/o
Greg Chapman
Box 2061
S.S.C.
Pomona, NJ 08240

THE UGLY AMERICAN
c/o Greg Chapman
P.O. Box 8433
Red Bank, NJ 07701

LIVE SKULL

Live who? How many times has that phrase rolled off the tongue of so-called hipsters? Well, with a new image (lots of flare pants, twenty-minute guitar "freakouts") and a new attitude (straightedge) this Oregon based bluegrass band is soon to be all the rage of college radio. I kid you not. So what if the new album (Positraction) is a little mersh? Live, they'll knock your fucking block off. Interview conducted pre-gig at the Arch Street Enema, 4/2/89. All photos by Ed.

Ugly American: Ed
Live Skull;
Thalia Zedek: Vocals, guitar, clarinet
Tom Paine: Guitar, fur hat, sunglasses
Mark C.: Guitar, not present
Sonda Andersson: Bass, acidhouse t-shirt
Rich Hutchins: Drums, ex-Serial Killers
Julie: Roadie, t-shirt vendor, Thalia's evil twin

UA: Tell me, would the band break up if someone with the name Marianne Smith joined?
TZ: Probably. That'd probably be the last straw.
UA: What kind of name is Thalia Zedek?
TZ: I think it's Israeli. Americanized Russian.
UA: Do you guys remember playing the Ritz last November?
SA: God, we tried to forget that show.
UA: With the Buttholes.
SA: Oh, that show was good.
TP: That show was alright. We had a really bad show at the Ritz the time before that with Henry Rollins at the New Music Seminar.
SA: We hadn't rehearsed for three weeks.
TP: Yeah, but it's also the Rollins Band, they're-
UA: A bar band?
TP: Essentialy, yeah, they're so slick. To me it's the total extreme oppisite of what Black Flag was doing. Which is understandable, you do something so long you want to do something...
UA: Different.
TP: They came on and just played for hours, like one thing right after the other with all these hot licks, deftly executed. Then we came on and stumbled around for an hour and a half.
UA: Like a pack of heroin addicts.
SA: Yeah, exactly.

Thalia Recoils In Horror

TP: It was like a bad take-off of Flipper or something.
TZ: Why'd you ask?
UA: The show with the Butthole Surfers, the Nils were supposed to open up. What happened there?
TP: They cancelled. We just got a call, like spur of the moment.
UA: That was a damn hot show.
SA: Thanks. We had a great time. The Buttholes enjoyed it, we enjoyed it.
TZ: The Buttholes enjoyed it?
SA: Well, the Butthole Surfers enjoyed it. I hate to shorten names.
UA: Do you hate when people call you the Skull?
SA: Yeah.
RH: There is a band called the Skulls.
TP: We have one of those names that is virtually impossible to shorten.
TZ: At work they used to call me "Skully Z".
RH: They call me "Skullduggery". "Skullduggery" or "Skull". They think we're a heavy metal band.
UA: What's Marnie (Greenholz, ex-bassist for the Skull) doing?
TP: Marnie's a licensed masseuse. She went to massage school and she just graduated about six months ago.
UA: So where does she work at?
TP: She works out of her apartment. Her phone number's 212-[redacted] Feel free to print that. She's legitimate.
SA: Yeah, she has a really good clientle.
TP: You don't think we should give out her phone number?
(Mutual agreement)
UA: Okay, scratch that.
TP: She is liscensed, though.
SA: She's really good.
UA: She'll do you up.
SA: She'll do you good.
UA: Her and James (Lo, ex-drummer for the Skull) should find a guitarist named Behold. Then they could be Lo And Behold, Greenholz.
(A very loud and unanimous groan)
TZ: How long have you been thinking about that?
UA: I've been planning it for months.
TP: Too bad they don't like each other. Actually they're both playing music now. It's pretty odd, they both didn't play music for a year after Live Skull and they both started around the same time. Marnie's been playing with Pat Place from the Bush Tetras and this guy Patrick, the drummer from Black Snakes. James is playing with Conrad Kenard who's a multi-instrumentalist. They do a lot of work with tapes. They're going more towards the art tangent.
UA: Tangerine Dream.
TP: Yeah. Tangerine Tangent.
RH: Tangelo.
UA: Like a gigolo. Okay, next question. Did you ever have an encounter with the psychotic Daniel Johnston while he was in

New York?

SA: I wish I would have.

TZ: I didn't know he was in New York.

UA: You never heard any of the stories? He was on medication and when he came to New York he went off his medication and he went nuts. He tried to beat up Steve Shelly.

SA: Did he? I met his manager when we were in Austin. It was right after the incident with the elderly woman. That's how I found out.

TP: We did a show in New York last night and Kramer showed up. Actually, B.A.L.L. was playing the same night, unfortunately, and for some reason Kramer and my girlfriend just started talking about Daniel Johnston. Kramer feels really bad and guilty about the whole thing.

UA: Yeah, cuz he invited him to New York.

TP: Daniel did a lot of damage to himself primarily. The whole thing has gotten really sad. It makes for good stories, most definately, but it's really sad.

TZ: What happened to him?

TP: Well, a number of things, but for one thing he's committed, I guess it was when he went back to West Virginia. Apparently that woman that he pushed out the window, he decided that she was filled with the devil. He tried to exorcise her.

TZ: Did he kill her?

UA: No. I saw an interview and he said he exorcised her. Then he left and he was walking down the stairs when the devil pushed her out a window.

TZ: Wait, you mean Kramer brought him to New York?

SA: Kramer was going to do some music. Everybody did some things (with him).

The Synchronized Dance Steps Of Live Skull

TP: The thing is, there's this fine line between trying to get his stuff out and exploitation.
(Mark C. enters. He says hello. He leaves.)
TP: The only thing I wanted to add about that that sort of struck me was something I heard before. I mean, Daniel's a liar, that's part of his problem. But if you can believe even half of what he says his parents have really jerked him around. His parents are pushing him. This guy's in a fucking mental hospital, he's on medication, and they're pushing him to do more stuff, to get these records out, cause they want the money.
UA: Stage mothers.
TZ: Really? He's making money from this?
TP: Well, not billions of dollars...
UA: Hey, he's been in Spin.
TZ: How come we never make any money?
UA: Yeah, how come you guys never make any money?
TP: We don't answer any questions about money or Sonic Youth. Or Gerard.
UA: C'mon, one question about Sonic Youth. Do they have a Greyhound tour bus like Bon Jovi, with "Sonic Life" as the destination?
TP: No, they all drive around in matching Mercedes, except for the crew who travel on the bus.
UA: Can you guys see yourself playing Madison Square Garden some day? I can.
(Mixed confusion and laughter erupts)
UA: I mean, the way I see it, Sonic Youth left Homestead. Then they recorded two albums and an EP for SST, then they moved onto Enigma/Blast First!. So you guys move (from Homestead) to Caroline, record two albums and an EP, then you move onto a nice big label.
TP: Actually, our contract with Caroline is for two albums and an EP.
UA: You see.
TP: You've got a psychic grip on things.
TZ: You want to be our manager?
UA: First, you call Warner Bros. and say you've got pull with the youth of today.
SA: Nah, they'll be calling us.
TP: We've been advised by several people, Elecktra actually, to go for this. In terms of that poster outside, that "dynamic noise and psychedelic" band.
UA: Become part of that Acidhouse thing.
RH: Go for that psychedelic thing.
SA: I think that's a little dated.
UA: Well look, Loop, Spacemen 3...
TP: Exactly, yeah.
(Long uninteresting discussion of Spacemen 3 occurs)
SA: The last night that we were in Europe, Rich was so sick that he was actually vomiting. Right before he got onstage.
TZ: I thought you were vomiting during the set.

SA: You were like this (hunched over).
RH: That's cuz I was trying not to vomit.
TZ: My shoe broke.
SA: Thalia's shoe broke. She took her shoes off and she slipped because of her socks.
TP: Hey, we planned that. That's our image. Next question.
UA: Did you ever have an encounter with the psychotic GG Allin?
(Another loud and unanimous groan)
SA: I don't believe so. Do you?
TP: You know the answer to this question.
RH: He set us up for that one. He thought we wouldn't notice.
UA: Cuz it was Cosloy, and then that letter to Flipside, did you see that? From GG Allin?
SA: Tell us.
TP: What did he say? That dyke bitch Thalia?
UA: He didn't say that. He wrote in a response to some 13-year-old punk rocker. He's like "Oh, you think I'm an act you little cunt, I'll fucking kill you, you think this is a dream world. I'll fucking kill you." And he's going off and then he says "You'll find out just like that Thalia Zedek or whatever her name is from Live Skull."
TP: Yeah, I saw that.
SA: But he didn't hurt Thalia.
RH: Maybe that's why there's rumours you're dead.
TP: We got a call from a friend of ours in Vienna who said Thurston (Moore, bassist for Living Color) dedicated "White Cross" to "the late Thalia Zedek".
SA: There's rumour that she died in Europe.
TZ: Noo. I thought it was that I quit the band.
UA: You died, and then you quit the band.
TZ: She said "All these people are asking about you" and I said "Why, are there rumours I'm dead?".
TP: There were three simultaneous rumours; one was that you were dead, one was that you quit the band, and one was that you were lost in Europe and nobody could find you.
TZ: And these are serious rumours?
UA: Yeah. People are walking around with black armbands.
SA: The thing with GG Allin was that he's so fat he lost his balance and fell on top of her.
TP: It wasn't an assault, actually.
SA: It's just he's so...
UA: He was just in such a goddamn hurry to get up to the stage.
TP: No one seriously thought he was even there. Some friends of his came up to us and said "GG's in the audience".
TZ: I didn't even know what he looked like. I didn't know who he was.
TP: And we're going "Yeah, right" and mumbling about it onstage.
SA: He'll do anything to get in front of a good audience.
TP: Apparently it was incensing him and his obscenely fat horrible girlfriend was standing by him going "GG, they're making fun of you. You should go rape them." Somebody kept saying "Do 'Drink, Fight, And Fuck'" so Thalia said "We

don't know that one" and GG took that as his cue. So all of a sudden I look around and there's this hulking guy. And he says "Let's do it."

RH: "1-2-3-4"

TP: It was just a mess at that point. I was in the process of changing guitars. Besides knocking Thalia over he went right into all of Mark's shit and split what we thought was an 800 dollar guitar that turned out to be a 12-1600 dollar guitar. He split it right down the middle.

1-2-3-4

UA: Is there a legal suit pending?

TP: There could've been but there's not gonna be. We don't want to get involved with the guy. It's like, it's not worth the trouble. He's wanted in New Jersey or New York so we could've had him extradited if we'd even mentioned his name.

UA: Did you hear why he's wanted in New Jersey?

RH: Attempted rape?

UA: No, the Morton Downey Jr. Show.

TP: That's what it was, he kept trashing the hotel rooms.

TZ: Why was he on Morton Downey Jr.?

TP: The PMRC.

RH: Why rock should be censored.

TP: I have mixed emotions about it, in terms of people like him. He's made such a high art form out of mediocrity. But in a way all rock music is about that.

TZ: I heard he's going to kill himself onstage.

UA: I heard 1990. Halloween, 1990.

TP: He's got a date now?

TZ: Yeah. He asked a friend of mine to videotape it. This friend of mine's putting out something on Ed Gein.

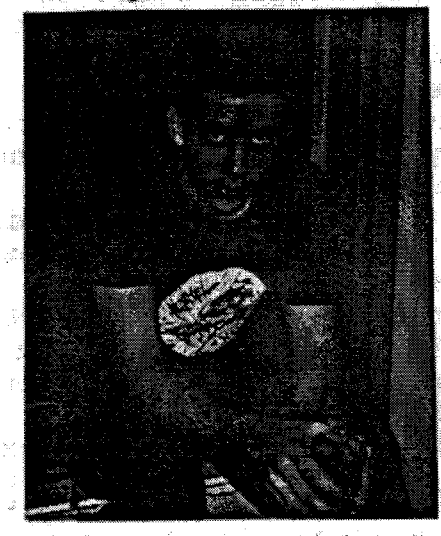
(Long argument ensues about the pronouciation of Ed Gein's name. If you have any information, please write us.)

UA: Wait, wait! We have the first drummer from the Serial Killers here.

TP: And actually GG Allin was the original guitar player for-

UA: Live Skull?

TP: No, J. Mascis was the original guitar for Live Skull.
UA: What have you guys been listening to lately?
SA: Mudhoney, Bitch Magnet.
RH: Lubricated Goat. We're very fashionable.
TP: Anything at the top of the pops in college radio.
SA: Tad.
UA: How about rap?
TP: Ratt?
UA: No, rap.
SA: Public Enemy.
UA: You should pick up some N.W.A. They're the next big thing.
TP: Really?
RH: "Dopeman". Who does "Dopeman"?
UA: That's N.W.A.
TP: Schoolly D.
J: Kool Moe Dee.
TP: I liked that last Pussy Galore.
UA: You guys listen to Marillion?
(General confusion)
UA: They're kinda like Genesis. Cuz that song, "Caleb" sounds like a Marillion song.
TP: All our trad-rock tendencies.
UA: I swear to god. It goes good with the psychedelia thing, though.
SA: We're very psychedelic.
TP: I don't think so.
UA: I had a tape with Throbbing Gristle's Greatest Hits on one side and Bringing Home The Bait on the other side and I used to trip to it all the time.
TP: Bringing Home The Bait is really close to Throbbing Gristle in the sense that it's really claustrophobic. It's really thick, once you get in it's hard to get out.
TZ: I think our stuff now is thicker than the earlier stuff.
UA: Only on your hardcore songs.
(Silence)
UA: C'mon, "Was" is a hardcore song.
RH: No, that's thrash metal.
TZ: That's our hardcore number, we got our country number, our blues number...
UA: And your Marillion number.
TZ: Our ska number.
SA: That's not completely written yet. It's been arranged and re-arranged.
TP: About that psychedelic thing. Just because your brain doesn't make logical connections from A to B to C doesn't necessarily mean you've been psychedelicized (?). I mean, in psychedelic music, there's certain rules that you follow.
TZ: What rules?
UA: Vibrato guitar.
TP: The vocals, the way the echo is used, all that shit. The



Rich Contemplates A Lucrative Career As A Session Drummer

nature of the words for that matter.

TZ: I know what you're saying, but I don't think of psychedelic music in a rigid way. There's a type of "psychedelic" music just like there's "boogie-woogie" music. There's also a type of psychedelic music that applies to other shit, too.

TP: But the big illusion about psychedelic music is that it's this free thing without any rules. But in psychedelic music there's just a different set of rules.

TZ: I know, if you look at it that way. I don't look at it that way. I can say two bands are psychedelic and they don't sound the same.

UA: It's kind of like something I was talking about with someone at the radio station. Now music has to fit into these little boxes. I've heard that in the sixties, on one station you could hear Jefferson Airplane, the Beach Boys, and then some acid freakout thing for thirty minutes. That would never happen today because everybody has been put into a box. Like making rules for music.

RH: But we don't fit in a box so no one plays us.

UA: You fit in a box, it's just a box that no one wants to play. You don't fit in the right box.

TP: Yeah, it's not the right box. And it may never be.

UA: You're getting there.

TP: Sometimes I think you're right. I'm not quite sure.

UA: No, I know I'm right.

SA: I want a new box.

RH: Pappa's got a brand new box.

UA: Why don't you... what can you do?

SA: What can we do?

TP: What we could do, in terms of creating our own new box-

UA: But is that something you try to do?

TP: At this point we just want people to hear us.

UA: Do people sit down and say "Hmm, let's re-create music."?

TP: All the time.

RH: We anguish over it.

UA: Did Homestead suck?

SA: What a leading question.

TP: He's asked the GG question, now he's on the Homestead question...

TP&SA: Sonic Youth.

TP: Wait, we were on Homestead Records? Actually, as far as I'm concerned, unfortunately, this goes against my grain personally, but it has to be a no comment answer. I mean, Gerard's a friend of mine and I like him a lot. But we're having some problems about some things that I said and things that he said. We haven't even talked about it yet so before it gets any more...

UA: Ugly.

SA: Yeah, but you never said that Homestead sucked.

UA: I'll say it for you.

TP: Our contract was up, these people offered us a better deal.

SA: And also with the new band we wanted a whole new change.

UA: You should've changed the name.
TP: We were advised to do that.
UA: I would've advised you to do that.
TP: Seriously?
UA: Yeah.
TP: Okay, let's do it tonight.
UA: It's kinda too late now.
TP: Oh, alright.
TZ: Who advised you to change the name?
TP: Every time we've been approached by a major label, one of comments has always been that the name is too confusing. It's either too simple or too obtuse. When heavy metal came back into fashion people started assuming we were heavy metal or death metal or something.

Live Skull At The Speed Of Light

UA: I always saw Live Skull as one of those ethereal names that you can't attach a meaning to.
TP: Yeah, ideally. Whatever you wanted it to be, that was one of the original intentions. When heavy metal became a force to be reckoned with, that added another dimension of confusion.
UA: When you name your band Metallica there's not too many directions you can take.
TP: When the new line-up crystallized and we went with Caroline, that was one thing they were very concerned with there. The band's been around for a long time and we've gotten some good responses from some people and some sources with good critical response. But we're not well-known even by the alternative market.
UA: Yeah, what happened there? Did you need a good PR man?
TP: Just classic cases of bad timing, countless missed opportunities...
UA: The martyrs of rock.
TP: Yeah, right. It's true, you put out fucking seven records, and there's just a very short memory in this business.
UA: Thank god you're not in England.
TP: Absolutely, but at least they're more upfront about the fact that it's a total racket. But the thing they were repeatedly trying to get across to us at Caroline was the fact that

Live Skull was relegated at that point to reinvent itself.

UA: Call yourselves The Gods Of Sodom.

TZ: The Godesses Of Sodom.

SA: I think the band has reinvented itself, though. Now that we're touring and getting a new audience.

UA: Yeah, you're getting played a lot up at the station. The metal guys play you, the hardcore guys play you.

(The band is amazed.)

UA: And I think it's just because of the cover on the record. If Bringing Home The Bait or Cloud One was sitting up there, nobody would look at it. But you put your pretty faces on the cover, the nice psych-swirl on the back, and "Wow, cool, dude, look at this."

TP: Well this was a total accident in many ways. It's the first lucky accident that's ever happened to this band.

UA: Things could be turning around.

TZ: We wanted that on the cover.

TP: We obviously wanted it to look like that but didn't do it in terms of thinking this is gonna get us...

TZ: Remember, we wanted the photo outside. It was my idea.

TP: Yeah. I wanted us sitting on a pile of dead babies.

TZ: Mark wanted New York in the background.

SA: But that's so redundant.

TP: Some radio person the other night in Boston gave me the same rap that we're talking about now but even more scientific from the standpoint of having the whole thing lined out. For the first time in seven years there's a clearcut band image.

UA: I was thinking about that before. The New York thing was trying to destroy the celebrities of rock n roll and all that, but they only created new personalities like Gira and Thurston Moore. You were the only people who did it successfully, and you were such a success you shot yourself in the back.

TP: Exactly. And languished in obscurity forever.

UA: Now it looks like psychedelia is the way to go.

(Thalia asks an unintelligible question.)

UA: The records sounded like the instruments weren't being played by humans. There was no identity attached to the band. When you think of Live Skull, you just think of...

TZ: To me that's just because they never played out enough. I had the first three records, and it wasn't like there was no personality to the band, it was just that I never saw them live and there was nothing to connect it with.

UA: How much of a real problem was the Sonic Youth connection?

TP: Ummm...

UA: I think it was the structure of the band; a drummer, two guy guitarists, and a girl bassist, the guy and the girl trading off vocals. And you were both singing about...

SA: There were a lot of bands like that.

TP: Not as many as you might think. Also it's compounded by the fact that both those bands were playing the same places.

UA: You got locked in that Swans/Sonic Youth/Live Skull/Rat At

Rat R association.

TP: You're talking the same neighborhood, the same time period, and certain factors like experimenting with non-mainstream dissonances and atonalities.

SA: Yeah, that's really weird.

TP: Then when the Swans got a girl in the band it got really absurd. Plus there's this whole incestuous thing. The first show the Swans ever played, they had two bassists, one of whom was Thurston, and a metal player, who was Dan Brawn from Deep Six, who was also the drummer for Live Skull's first show. The band that played with Swans was Body, which was the band that Mark and I played in.

UA: Did Body ever record anything?

TP: No. Never. There's some things actually, some tapes from the Speed Trials, four songs that I think I've destroyed.

TZ: I want to hear some Body.

UA: Me too.

SA: Mark was playing the keyboards.

(Uproarious laughter.)

UA: Quick, name some song titles.

TP: "The Machinist", uh, "Steel".

SA: Sounds industrial to me.

TP: No, it wasn't industrial at all. Not at all. Body went through a number of huge changes. We shared a drummer with Sonic Youth, Richard Edson from San Francisco. He went on to be a big movie star. He's that guy in Stranger Than Paradise.

UA: Really?

TP: Yeah.

Make Yer Own Fucking Caption

Well, kids, after that the interview descended into a hellish stroll down memory lane with Tom and Sonda. Highlights included nostaligiac musings about trashing clubs, a discussion about Mafia money in New York, a Missing Foundation hatefest, and a existential argument about who was the better guitar player; Tony Iommi or Jon Spencer. Maybe we'll print the second half next issue, but I wouldn't bet on it. I caught up with Mark C. after a nightmarishly long sound check. Interview as follows;

UA: I was told to ask you about the cerebreal qualities of Live Skull. The esoteric qualities.
MC: Uh...That's too open a question.

And that it's folks. Hope you had as much fun slogging through this thing as I did typing it up. Remember to look for their album, Posertraction, on Warner Bros. and the upcoming "UriNation" single. By the time you read this the tour will be over and you'll be kicking yourself from here to Pizmo Beach for missing them. Have a nice day...

SUN CITY GIRLS

UA: Greg
SCG: Sun City Girls, speaking simultaneously

UA: When did the band first get together?
SCG: 1980.
UA: Have the Sun City Girls played anywhere outside Arizona?
SCG: U.S. tour 1984, about 50 shows including Canada. Numerous California tours after that and Europe in '83. We plan an improvisational tour of Asia beginning July 1989 lasting for one year.
UA: What's your strangest experience with drugs?
SCG: We don't talk about drugs. Personal, hope you understand.
UA: How can the average schmo contact the Voice Of America, Mr. Bandali?
SCG: Mr. Bandali runs the Oxford Pension on Taalaat Harb Street in Cairo, Egypt. Look him up if you're there, he'll be around.
UA: The jerks in Suicidal Tendencies had problems with the Secret Service for their "I Shot Reagan" lyrics. What, if anything, has happened to you for writing such classics as "Nancy" and "CIA Man"?
SCG: No one fucks with us, not even the government. We're a powerful triangle because our father was one beautiful motherfucker!
UA: What do you consider your main influences?
SCG: We get our inspiration from everything and then assemble or disassemble from that point. I know you want names of other musicians or artists, but by not reducing it to that spells out the difference between us and all the other groups in North America.
UA: How is that little rubber jelly doll?
SCG: We threw it into Lake Mead from the top of Hoover Dam. Doin' fine, I guess.
UA: What's in store for America from the band? Any new vinyl or was there problems with Placebo?
SCG: No problems with anything or anyone. New vinyl on the way eventually, maybe even in bulk. We don't operate on a set schedule. We are doing too many incredible things so we would be foolish to focus on business deals. And don't let anyone tell you different; <u>all</u> record releases are business ventures.
UA: How many tape releases are available?
SCG: Fifteen at the time. Buy before June 1st. We'll be gone for 13 months after that.
UA: What would the Sun City Girls like to say to America?
SCG: A) Why "think" when you can <u>know</u>?
B) Nuclear holocausts are just
more distantly spaced out sunsets.
C) Time is just a sewer pipe into
which boredom flows slowly.

SHOWS

The Cramps, The Mad Daddies
Jan. 3 at the Ritz, NYC, NY

Not a whole fuck of a lot I remember about this show, seeing as how it was two months ago. Anyway, The Mad Daddies are from either Perth Amboy or South Amboy or Amboy Dukes or something. They were basically the Cramps missing two girls, creativity, and a mythos. Some dipshit fucker with six-foot hair next to me kept yelling "You suck...bring out the Cramps...you suck...bring out the Cramps...", his brain stuck in some sorta autistic endless groove. I was thinking the same thing, but I wasn't doing it under a pineapple coiffure. Needless to say, it took me two minutes to learn to hate this bastard. If I was a bouncer at the Ritz...

...Chain Gang would write songs about me. But that doesn't matter. What matters is that the Cramps have crawled out of some slimy NY rathole to gig for drug money. Lux came in head-to-toe leather, make-up, and high heels. The drummer looked like he had risen from the dead for this show, and Ivy was hot-fucking-shit to look at, as always. Expecting change from this band is something you just don't do. Quality, maybe, but change, never. Don't waste your money on these hasbeens. They're strictly going through the motions. Tight, rocking, boring. The crowd loved them. So did my companion, Ansel Adams. I would've been happier at home shooting up Skippy peanut butter. So there.

-Ed

Halo Of Flies
Sometime in January at Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ

Only about their third show so they were a bit sloppy, especially in the drum dept. However, they still beat the shit out of any and all comers. A half hour set left most of the crowd (mostly "with-it" post-college trend jumpers) bewildered and scratching their heads, not sure what to make of Hazelmeyer's brand of scummy guitar mud. Fuck 'em, their loss...

-Tim

Cows, God Bullies, Babes In Toyland
Feb. 18 at Maxwell's, Hoboken NJ

While most of the coolsters went to the big rock show at the Ritz and saw B.A.L.L./Big Dipper/Dinosaur Jr., about twenty people went to Max's to see what promised to be a great show. Babes In Toyland were first, three babes, jagged noise rock, pretty cool. The biggest disappointment was the God Bullies. After two shit-hot singles and an equally cool tape I had pretty high hopes. Unfortunately these simps blew dead dogs. My first clue was the flowers thrown onstage. Then the singer had on this fucking tablecloth and was dancing around like a Hare Krishna version of Alice Cooper, talking to doll's heads and waving a cross around. The rest of the band meandered around at low volume, totally clueless. This kind of hokey slop might play out there in Kalamazoo but the shit wasn't flushing here. DO YOU GET THE FUCKING PICTURE THEY WERE NOTHING LIKE THEIR SINGLES AVOID

THESE TWEE FUCKHEADS AT ALL COSTS. The Cows, however, were the real deal. Off-kilter goon rock played by goons for goons. The best way to describe them is as a working class Butthole Surfers (lower on the art scale than the Surfers, but just as fucked). Give 'em a couple of years and they're gonna be a monster, but right now they're pretty fucking great.
-Tim Cronin

Nick Cave + The Bad Seeds
February 10 at the Ritz, NYC, NY
Sold out crowd consisting mostly of art fags and for some reason a lot of jocks (art jocks?). Real long beer lines didn't help things. Finally St. Nick came out and started with "From Her To Eternity" and I thought it was gonna be a great show. He sounded cool, the band sounded cool, cool. Then everything started to fall apart. First Blixa's guitar was inaudible (maybe he was there just for that "cool Euro-junkie look"), then Kid Congo's guitar went out. With no guitar I started focusing on Nick and he reminded me of a bizarre hybrid of Tom Waits and late Vegas Elvis. I left.
-Tim Cronin

No singer has ever caused as much instant excitement across America as BOXCAR WILLIE.

Sylvia Juncosa, Soundgarden, Mudhoney
March 11 at Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ
Soundgarden
March 10 at CBGB's, NYC, NY
Mudhoney
March 12 at The Court Tavern, New Brunswick, NJ
Sylvia Juncosa; a really great guitarist, a really tight band. I just wish she wouldn't sing. Soundgarden was better at CB's than at Maxwell's. They're a good band but something's missing (like good songs). They only clicked on about half of the songs they did and Ultramega OK had a lot of filler on it. I think the only reason A&M signed 'em was Chris Cornell; he looks like the singer from INXS and sounds like Bob Plant (Jealous? Of course.). In five years he'll be doing the love theme from Top Gun 3 with Terri Nunn or the Wilson sisters. Mudhoney were the real deal. They kinda sucked at Maxwell's due to a bunch of interruptions cuz of broken strings. They did a few new songs that were a little slower, making the grunge factor that much more apparent. They even did an intro that sounded like a Blue Cheer song. Everything was together and solid when they played the Court. When Mudhoney has all the cheese and distortion working they get the meanest sound I've ever heard, nastier than the Swans or Slayer in their respective heydays. It's this all-encompassing distorto-squelch that goes beyond guitar mud bands and stomps anything in any genre.
-Tim Cronin, Mudhoney's PR man

But instead, Judge Richard Toth gave Matthow five years' probation and said he could entertain at children's parties as long as he punishes himself by sniffing ammonia or submitting to electric shock whenever he has a perverted thought.

A gawker from the audience ran screaming from the stage in agony after he let a stripper take his clothes off, pour baby oil on his private parts and set them on fire with a cigarette lighter.

Jane's Addiction, Dog Of Mystery
Feb. at City Gardens, Trenton, NJ

The opening band was a bunch of nobody mutants from Central Jersey who churned out about a half-hour of first-class acid-scum. Not art-class psych (Loop, latterday Spacemen 3, etc.) but knuckle-dragging brain rot. The return of drug rock.

Jane's Addiction was a bunch overblown hokum, churning out sub-standard Zep riffs thru a cloud of smoke while lead singer Perry (easily the stupidest looking white guy with dreads) danced around, enamoured with himself and the self-imortant mulch he was spewing. A pre-packaged Next Big Thing, kill them now.

-Tim Cronin, Dog Of Mystery's PR man

Flaming Lips, Scab Cadillac, King Carcass
Feb. 19 at the Arch Street Empire, Philadelphia, PA

Diatribe approaching, extinguish all cigarettes;
IF YOU ARE A BAND, DO NOT PLAY HERE.
IF YOU ARE A SHOW-GOER, AVOID THIS DUMP LIKE THE PLAGUE.
IF YOU DO NOT HEED MY WORDS, YOU WILL SUFFER.

This fucked-up hole of a dive is run by pus-sucking maggots. No-brain gimps with all the business sense of a clam. For three consecutive Sundays this new closet-size club had three all-ages shows. This was one was advertised up-and-fucking-down as an all-ages show. King Carcass put up hundreds of flyers in Philly for it. ALL-AGES ALL-AGES ALL-AGES. Approximately one hour before showtime, the Eat Shit Empire decided to make it an "OVER 21 BAR PARTY". People showed up from New York and had to go back. We were supposed to interview King Carcass, but that got fucked up. And the macho big-dick bouncer had to go out of his way to "prove" his manliness by getting into a verbal fight with Greg. When threatened, Greg said "Come on, then." The asshole wimped out; "You'd probably sue me or something..." he mumbled. Rat-fuckers, every one. Somebody, fire-bomb this place, and get the homo-erotic disco/love-house next door, just cuz it's owned by the same dickless wonders.

Diatribe over. Have a nice day...

-Ed

Laughing Soup Dish, Jon Davies
April 1 at Stockton State College, Pomona, NJ

Rutgers gets Sonic Youth and White Zombie, SSC gets LSD. Anyway, Jon Davies (formerly of Secret Syde or Sacred Sword or some such shit) was pretty cool, just him and an acoustic guitar. He put down a little drone folk for the twenty odd people gathered and made some redneck references. Laughing Soup Dish took the stage with a fury I haven't seen since Greg stubbed his toe. I don't know, sure they rocked well, but as I've said a million times before, that alone just doesn't cut it. They're kinda like the Flaming Lips (from the Pink Floyd angle). But they're not rising above their retro-rock limitations, just succumbing to them. LSD is obviously going for that acid rock brass ring but they're not getting it. They miss the low-end

muck vibes of Loop, the out-there melodius drone of Spacemen 3, and the we're-nowhere-and-we-don't-care craziness of Dog Of Mystery. LSD didn't go apeshit, got trapped by their formalism, and made me yawn uncontrollably. I left during their "Interstellar Overdrive" jam.
-Ed

Butthole Surfers, Lunachicks, Gregory's Funhouse, Angel + The Drunken Gods
April 8 at the Ritz, NYC, NY

Volumes have been written about less, I'm sure... Anyway, following standard procedure, I dropped acid and brought a thesaurus with me to describe what the editors of this zine assured me would be a cataclysmic experience... I don't know... All I can tell you is see the Buttholes for yourself. For those who like to sit at home and gossip, the evening's goings-ons are as follows...

Angel And The Drunken Gods: Something tells me that any review of this band that runs for more than a sentence is going to be worth more than the band's entire repertoire. Yes, ugly indeed, what with Phyllis Diller at the mic simply aching to "fill" Siouxsie's shoes. With what, I can't imagine. She looked old and cranky, as if menopause lurked around every corner for her, looking to pounce and steal her last egg or something. I suspect, though, that it had something to do with the fact that the audience appeared to be much happier pawing each other's spiffy leather jackets and trading Sonic Youth bubblegum cards. In the spirit of, um, good journalism, I myself valiantly attempted to pay attention. But soon after the band took the stage, I was distracted by a young aspiring fanzine editor who instantly recognized me and offered to let me "have" an '85 trading card showing Thurston pressing a lock of Byron Coley's hair between Bible pages if only I'd mention his puny little rag. "Sure" I said to the unsuspecting dope. Boy, I laughed long and hard over that one, yes sir I did...

Gregory's Funhouse: Idiots again, but this time of a much higher caliber. The lead singer is supposed to be the highlight I guess, but he looks too much like Meatloaf for my entertainment dollar. Ed said that he looks like Ozzy Osbourne, but this lunk's schtick is more Creepy Goth Rug Salesman than Big-Buck Satan Slave, so I let that comment slide. The rest of the band pranced around trying desperately to look crazed, but one glance at these oldsters and I just knew that every week they probably scurried back to their trailer homes, each of which is most likely filled with screaming kids and a desperate wife peering through the keyhole, praying that their weekend rock star doesn't show up with that oafish longue slut again... All in all, pretty entertaining if you forget everything I said and dig 2/4 dinosaur fluff. Otherwise, this was marginal retro-vomit which occasionally took off, but was usually too firmly rooted in Robert Plant's stuffy dust-filled crotch to do any damage...

Lunachicks: I suppose that it should be noted that by this time

the crowd had gotten ugly, having been fed a steady diet of bad music and violent films for three hours. Just about everyone was aching to slam, and this band came on like a wet dream for most. It's just too bad that they sucked so blatently, generic hardcore and bombastic Sabbath-stomp being the order of the day. Not that anyone else cared, cause at this point the punkly youth in attendance would've curled up with anything that made a noise louder than themselves. As usual, the only fun was being tossed to and fro within the thick foaming human stew. So much for aesthetics...

Butthole Surfers: Hmmmm... This one caught me by surprise, for though I was primed for the human meat grinder, in no way did I come prepared for the hi-tech (?!) appearence of the Holy Ones. Everything I'd read or heard conjured up images of GG Allin-like "earthy" performances, with tales of naked bodies and primal violence abounding. Instead what I saw was this weird sort of sterile-looking stage about forty feet deep with neat little rows of symmetrical amplifiers surrounding it. Way in the back were the two drummers who stood beneath the flickering altar of the three simultaneous films that were being shown. Between the strobe lights and the smoke and the filme and the mountain of effects these fucknucks played with, the whole scene was rather, um, scientific. Professor Gibby prodding the mutants in front of him like some weird Dr. Moreau... Not that I'm complaining, it's just that the whole thing was rather unexpected. Nary a guitar nor cymbal did burn and on the whole the Buttholes showed pretty hefty restraint, the crowd pretty much whipping themselves into a frenzy. It didn't really matter, though. The point of the show certainly wasn't to come and watch the band. If you were able to see what was going on you were either really tall or in the balcony. Everyone was content to feel the throb and ooze run through their spinal cords as they flung themselves about in blind abandon. For those who were in the balcony, the scene was pretty odd. Several times during the show I went up there to check out the "action" and found what looked to be a living room full of zombies, no more thrilled than if they'd been watching Three's Company re-runs. Finally I grabbed a seat to see what the catatonic fuss was all about and watched the Buttholes turn into some sort of weird 3-D video, the violent sound shaking my seat, the smoke rising until the whole upper tier peered through a dull haze. From up there the whole scene jelled and I spent the last twenty minutes of the show staring in mute fascination/horror at the penis re/deconstruction flick, telling myself over and over again that there really wasn't any point in leaving home anymore...

-J. Christopher Marlowe

It is also known (but considered illegal) for a woman to be screwed in her vagina from the front by one man and be scewed in her rectum by another man, both operations taking place at the same time. The woman is considerably stimulated by orgasmic sensations in both her vagina and her rectum at the same time. This position is the famous 'sandwich' position.

And ticket scalpers lured customers by whispering, "It's got naked people in it."

Butthole Surfers
April 8 at the Ritz, NYC, NY

Surprise Buttholes show and I am there no matter what. The openers are the worst three bands I've ever seen. But everything is pitiful compared to what the Butthole Surfers offer. What they offer is a total lysergic freakout that draws out everything primal in you, whether you like it or not. Once in the crowd, it's a total loss of identity. You become just a scale in a many tentacled serpent of flesh. I drop some acid #7 knowing that it will only add to the adventure ahead of me. Out come the Butthole Surfers providing just the right spices and ingredients to ensure total entropy. Which are, by the way, thudding drums of doom along with blitzkrieging film images that melt into a confusing swirl of unreality. The films of sliced male genitalia mixing with inverted Charlie's Angels clips melange with insect documentaries and strange hypno-patterns. Fog cloaks the Buttholes and blurs the lines of what's real and what's not. It gets to the point where you believe anything can fly out of the screen and join in on the fun. The stage becomes the gate to a strange dimension door that can only be opened and closed by the Butthole Surfers. Jeffery the bassist stands pounding on his guitar like a stoned dope while creating a behemoth rumble. Paul plucks out whiny retro-riffs that call on the spirit of Hendrix with his eyes bugging out atop an evil smile a mile wide. Gibby acts as a schizo tour guide who makes everything come together with an uncanny accuracy that rivals God's power of creation. The whole thing is kept going by the symbiotic siblings, King and Theresa, who drum with such a fury not seen since the last voodoo ritual in Haiti. The Buttholes drive the crowd into such a frenzy and then nonchalantly slow it down to a riot. When Gibby yells Satan thrice, the whole place literally explodes like the Big Bang. The Universe expands and retracts while everyone is stomping around like a primate. You don't give a fuck anymore and you smash into everything in your way. You no longer have control cause now the Buttholes are holding the strings. It is so primal it can't be described, only experienced. Well, tonight the Buttholes were to lose control when the crowd became like Frankenstein and attacked its master.

It all happened when King and Theresa disappeared and Gibby and Paul took over their drum chores. King soon mushroomed up between them as Theresa appeared near the front. Suddenly, she was swallowed by the crowd as she jumped into the jaws of death. She was hoisted above the crowd and her clothes were ripped from her body in a millisecond. She was then deflowered by worming fingers and defiled by hungry hands. Without any control, I was drawn towards the fray because a God was among Us. I wanted a piece and I didn't why so I shoved to get a touch of flesh. I was too late to get tit because the bouncers were working hard and efficiently to get her back onstage. In a final effort, I gripped her hand and vowed to never let go. I had a taffy pull with a rugged negro boucer but I lost. As her hand slipped from my sweaty grasp I noticed her face had a blank look like that of a

helpless fish. She then slunked offstage looking hurt physically and psychologically. It helped justify my conviction that if there was no wall that night between Us and Them, they would probably be dead. They whip the crowd into such a crazed state that it becomes a wanting monster that would rend them to pieces if it could. Just imagine what would happen to the naked dancer, if she was there and accidently slipped off or got nabbed by a mindless flunky from the audience.

To make a long story longer, I spent the rest of the show in a LSD stupor while being mesmerized by the hyp-mo-tizing strobs and smoke. It became a 3-D Butthole Surfers nightmare that hung heavy on my senses. Believe it or not, I even seriously thought I saw that freako from the movie Mask slamming around.I honestly believed Rocky Dennis was there until I was reminded later that he had died a few years back. So, it was complete temporary insanity that night and I'll even go as far as to say that the Butthole Surfers live are the greatest thing I've ever experienced. It just gets better each time I see them; this alone makes them my only deity. I'm even pondering dropping out of society and following the Butthole Surfers around like people do the Grateful Dead. Instead of being a "deadhead", I'll be a "butthead" and I'll do drugs and jerk off a lot. That's the deal, so go fuck yourself.

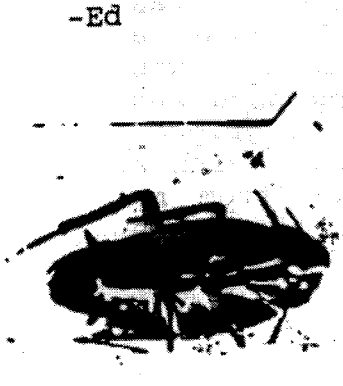
-Greg

"Turn on, tune in, drop out"

Butthole Surfers
April 8 at the Ritz, NYC, NY

Okay, kids, I've finally figured it out. Now let's see if I can get it on paper...The Buttholes are a product of a narcissistic, infantile culture... The Buttholes are manipulators of a narcissitic, infantile culture... Their show appeals to the child within us all... But not in a Disney type sense... In a nightmarish Freudian sense... The child wants... It does not know why... It does not care why... The crowd wants... It does not know why... etc... Meanwhile the Buttholes show off their obssession with bodily functions along with their new toys... "DADDY DON'T TOUCH MY PENIS"... Flirt with death in Gibby's Funhouse... The crowd is a big swelling id... The human animal reduced to its primal urges... Regression is safe and attractive... Do not think... Go back to the womb... Do not pass go... As long as your head is being fed... Who cares?... In the fragmented and secular society we live in, it's amazing what some people'll do to get religion... Seduced by a buncha acid heads with guitars... Ain't it funny?

-Ed



Butthole Surfers (pictured)/Lunachicks/ Gregory's Funhouse/ Angel and the Drunken Gods, The New Ritz, N.Y.C. April 8.

SLABS

"Now," he said, "I'll by God show them
how ugly the Ugly American can be."
-William S. Burroughs, Nova Express

A.C. Temple -- Blowtorch Blast First!
Okay, a rolling rhythm section sorta like Head Of David's when they started smoking, crazy-quilt guitar reminiscent o' Live Skull's, and yell/drone M/F vocals add up to something outta England that's actually listenable. Sure, they ain't real original, but this is the perfect soundtrack to drving fast at three AM in the rain. Buy one, get one free.
-Ed

G.G. Allin + The Texas Nazis -- Boozin' + Pranks Black + Blue
G.G. Allin said not to buy any Black + Blue records but I couldn't help it. When I see a record with a swastika emblazoned on it, I pick it up for novelty reasons. I barely made it out of the store when a bunch of homeboys started yelling "Yo, he's buying a Nazi record," at the top of their lungs. Anyway, the sound quality ain't too peachy and the between song commentary can be found on the Hated In The Nation ROIR tape. So do G.G. a favor and pass this one by.
-Greg

Adrenalin O.D. -- Cruisin' With Elvis In Bigfoot's UFO BOR
I don't wanna review this.
-Ed

Big Dipper -- Craps Homestead
Craps is crap, but the big mistake was the band photo. They look as dumb as posts. Possibly the most laughable bunch of buttfodder pictured anywhere. Let this deter you from listening to the music. These sucker sippers are worse than the Honeydrippers.
-Greg

Black Flag -- No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service bootleg
My War-era Flag kicking Canuck ass live in the Great White North. Greg's guitar is beat boxing a mean crank Henry is raping your earhole. Makes me hate myself fer missing them on their last tour. Good sound quality makes this a prize.
-Greg

Black Sabbath -- Headless Cross IRS
I doubt that they'll ever attain the power of Paranoid or Born Again again, at least not with this twee Queensryche approach. This is better than the Soundgarden record, though.
-Ed

As American as Apple Pie

Bongos, Bass, And Bob -- Never Mind The Sex Pistols Here's 50 Skidillion Watts
Ha fucking ha.
-Ed

Capt. Beefheart -- Trout Mask Replica CD Warner Bros.
If you have a CD player and you don't own this, you're a fucking idiot. One of the greatest records of all time, no shit.
-Tim

Celtic Frost -- Cold Lake Noise
I recently interviewed Tom G. Warrior for the metal show at my station so I know first hand what a dork he is. Sell-out city, but CF always had problems in my book. Aside from the music, what makes this horrendous is that these re-animated corpses have discovered hairspray. Ooga.
-Greg

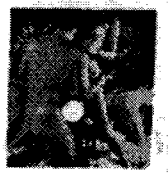
Chain Gang -- L.A. 12" LMA
Impression I get is a gang of idiots doing their best AC/DC imitation circa Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap minus one Bon Scott, his substitute being a crooner who thinks of things like "You know I was arrested/Suspicion of having fun/Put the bracelets on you know/I'm going to the county jail again", This stuff is pretty rank you know.
-Ed

Chemical People -- So Sexist! Cruz
Okay, so the song with Traci Lords squealing is cool, but anything with Traci Lords squealing is cool. Great record cover.
-Greg

Chills -- Lost EP Homestead
Shoot the fucker who "found" this with a deer rifle. Bites my wonder-knob. Hard.
-Greg

Christmas -- Ultraprophets Of Thee Psykick Revolution IRS
These kids are regular collegiate darlings now. Well-crafted M/F pop-psych rock. If you crossed 9353 with Sonny & Cher it'd be just like you were there, I think. If I settle down and raise kids I'll listen to this every day. Of course if Liz Cox hadn't covered up her breasts on the back of the album sleeve I'd like this a hell of a lot more. So much for aesthetics. My brain screams REM and I pass out to night terrors coupled with flashbacks of the severest kind. Actually not bad for an album of Genesis P-Orridge cover tunes.
-Ed

A DANISH BOTTLE PARTY



The bottles are not used just for drinking from at this party. They are soon deeply embedded in various damp pussies. Fantastic close up shots and lots of lesbian photo action- including fist ducking!

Ciccone Youth -- The Whitey Album Blast First!/Enigma
As you may already know, this is Reagan Youth under a diff. name recording blues numbers once covered by the Beatles. And hey, it's almost as good as Nitzer Ebb in their prime. Soon to be found in better cut-out bins everywhere.
-Ed

Corrosion Of Conformity -- Six Songs With Mike Singing Caroline
The perfect band for neanderthal punkers and metalheads alike. COC's blitzkrieg potential is supposedly in the red but the gusto on this record is minimal. No wonder this Mike guy left.
-Greg

Dead Milkmen -- Beelzebubba Enigma
Killing them would be letting them off too easy.
-Greg

Death Of Samantha -- Where The Women Wear The Glory And The Men Wear The Pants Homestead
I've never been hip to DOS's brand of RnR. "Sylvia Plath" is the lowpoint of their career, even if they didn't write it (the dead guy from Pere Ubu did). Drunken, straight, whenever I listen to this plate of rah-rah distorto/jangle guitar rock shit not a whole lot happens. So fuck you.
-Ed

Devils Weilding Scimitars -- Curious Soul Scared Guy
So you're thinking that this is some unknown grunge outfit stumbled upon by yours truly. Nay, it's more like "Dopes Weilding Stupidity" cause this commercial junk cut from the same rotten material of Edie Brickell is so blah.
-Greg

Eazy-E -- Eazy Duz It Ruthless
This is what raps should be all about. Homeboys talkin bout robbing banks, killing cops, slappin hos, and doing everything else that scares the piss out of average white folk. Each song is littered with more than its fair share of motherfuckers and bitches. Young angry black men with no remorse or regret. In other words, they just don't give a fuck. You get all this and more courtesy of Eazy-E and crew. The first LA rapper to show any balls and totally bust heads. Eazy makes Schoolly D seem like Uncle Tom. Listening to this is better than dosing and watching Colors. The beats will have you dodging bullets. This is on the Street side of the album, mind you. Eazy pusses out on the the Radio side. One way or the other, the E's a bad brother. Word to the motherfucker.
-Greg

A devil-may-care bandit forced a group of McDonald's employees to lie on the floor, then cleaned out all the restaurant's registers — while singing a rap song.

The Fall -- I Am Kurious Oranj Beggars Banquet

The Fall are kinda wimpish but they're more bearable than, let's say, Wire. Late 70's Brit punk band still making a fart I can tolerate. "New Big Prinz" is pretty right on, a rubbery sounding three chord stomp that'll have your mom doing the mambo. Even the pop stuff on is OK ("Kurious Oranj") cause they take a jangle riff and repeat it with the tenacity of the Swans. But Greg says he just wants to see Brix's clit so I just don't know. Hollow swirls of geetar, phoned-in vocals, etc. Have one on me.

-Ed

15 -- 15 Ep Invisible

Drum machine powered scum rock calling to mind Big Black and early White Zombie. Live, they look like affluent college-types who are slumming, which makes me wonder if they're serious or not. But what the fuck, the record's cool.

-Tim

Flaming Lips -- Telepathic Surgery Restless

A long, long time ago this band knew how to rock well. Now they kinda sound like the Beach Boys covering the new Replacements album. It's pretty much recognizable when these guys are trying to be "nutty" ('specially on the second side) in order to live up to their druggie tendencies. I'd still rather trip to Throbbing Gristle. Advice would be for them to release album covers with out any vinyl enclosed. It'd be a lot cheaper and maybe I could sleep at night.

-Ed

Foetus Interruptus -- Thaw Self Immolation/Some Bizarre
Foetus Corruptus -- Rife Rif (?)

Lemme tell ya, I was always partial to Jim Thirwell's schtick. Hole and Nail (both released under the Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel nom de plume) were hot fucking hollers like you wouldn't believe. Something was going on in those grooves that wasn't happening anywhere else. Now I thought old J.G. had passed his prime, what with the sequential disappointments of the Wiseblood album and the Foetus All-Nude Revue 12". But then came the "Ramrod" 12" and the Stinkfist project, both exploding hunks of white-hot plasma that kicked this writer's dick around the room. And now these new platters come scampering out of the underbrush on each other's heels like siamese grizzlys on fire.

Thaw is a studio album recorded by Jimbo all on his lonesome. The Music: Ranges from his best industrial mind-bend to stomping hard-rock-cum-B.-Party-misanthropic-caberet-shit that he's so good at whipping up. As a matter of fact, he's honed the hard-hitting aspects of his tunes so that they explode climactically in three minutes instead of building hierarchally like they have in the past. Things like "Don't Hide It, Provide It" and "English Faggot" splatter before you can say "Boo". But then there's instrumental stuff like "Asbestos" or "Fratricide Pastorale" that sound like they were taken off the

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING

"...what we have...is a society that protects depictions of women being ravaged by dogs, on men having sex with chickens...

soundtrack from The Shining. Or how about "Chingada!", the black sheep of the album? That cut sounds like some dance/ethnic/aggro/ weirdness spawn. The seven minute "A Prayer For My Death" ends the disc with the right trad-rock-theme-to-Hunter-topped-with-twisted-self-destruction-lyrics formula. Ah, that brings us to The Lyrics: A vocal stance that's kinda like Iggy Stooge crossed with Baudelaire. Visions of teenage self-destruction, a nihilistic necropolis erected to serve the rotting hunk of one J. Thirwell, sex-obssessed, violent wasteland fantasies blowing over his temporal lobes, suicidal word games pierced by screams, growls and groans. Occasionally this stance can work against him, usually when his loses self-censure and inadverdently becomes a cardboard cut-out, a self-parody, as he did on most of the Wiseblood rec. It seems he regained some sorta quality control for Thaw. There is better wordstuff on Hole or Nail, but this outing ain't nothin to sneeze at.

The Foetus Corruptus is a live dbl alb of what I guess was the tour to promote Thaw (I'm only guessing cause there's a deficit of info on the sleeve). It looks like one of those "official bootleg" deals, and Christ, you couldn't ask for a better backing band; Norm Westberg, Al Kizys, and Ted Parsons from the Swans plus some dude by the name of Ray Scallabero. Instead of being fronted by one monomaniacal Mike Gira, it's one monomaniacal Jim Thirwell. A lot of the shit on here is from Thaw, but instead of having that studio polish, it's got a monolithic crumbling-building wall-of-noise sound. There's some neat-o goodies on here; the unreleased (to my knowledge) "Honey, I'm Home" (a right stomper that just about bests anything on Thaw), "Grab Yo Ankles", and "The Faith Healer", and a version of "Slut" with vocals. "Don't Hide It..", and "English Faggot" make the best live translations. I don't know if it's worth the fifteen bucks to you, but I don't think your Foetus collection is big enough yet.

-Ed

Fugazi -- Fugazi EP Dischord

Really over-rated. Ian's much heralded return only has two good songs (1st and last). Well, they're great songs. But overall there's nothing to warrant all this slobbering over it.

-Tim

Gang Green -- I81B4U Roadrunner

Ex-members of Mission of Burma get together and record Mentors covers ("Put Her On Top", "Cum In U"). Will the joy never stop?

-Ed

Gargoyle -- Gargoyle New Renaissance

I was hoping this was an evil speed metal slambanger. But with a ripoff Iron Maiden vocalist and mid-tempo riffage that goes nowhere it looks like I'm whistling up the shaft of the titans.

-Greg

CA 125 (9-84-11) Are you a contortionist or can you have oral sex with yourself? Do you have pictures of contortionists or of people having oral sex with themselves? If any of these, love to hear from you.

Anyone who wants to donate his or her brain after death can write

Gaye Bikers On Acid -- Stewed To The Gills Caroline
The world's foremost homocore band. Unoriginal British fops going for the "Wild And Crazy Guys" award. Imagine a lowlife Buttholes ripoff playing rock n roll according to Zodiac Mindwarp. Gaye Bikers On Ajax are distressing in many ways because stuff this bad just shouldn't be allowed. Stupidity at its worst.
-Greg

Giant Sand -- The Love Songs Homestead
The Gun Club and their ilk did much more damage than I thought. Homestead continues to insult me.
-Greg

Glass Eye -- Christine Restless
Austin shouldn't have it this good. Neither should we. They'll let anybody put out records these days. Would somebody do them a big favor and let them know they suck?
-Greg

Government Issue -- Strange Wine EP Giant
If I still listened to punk I guess I'd dig this. But I don't so I don't.
-Ed

Gregory's Funhouse -- Obey Big Chief
If future releases by this new label are as bad as this debut, I give them six months before they fold.
-Greg

Half Japanese -- Charmed Life 50,000,000,000,000,000 Watts
Jad Fair is a whelp. He sounds like Gordon Gaywad from the Violent Femmes with delusions of grandeur. What's worse is that a lot of people consider him a genius. If I hear that one more time I'm gonna slug somebody. Jad Fair is a foreskin that should be removed and Half Jap isn't half as fun as lancing a boil.
-Greg

Hypnolovewheel -- Turn Turn Burn Fabian Aural Products
A real good band. Reminds me of a poppier version of Mofungo or The Scene Is Now. Off-kilter songs with guitars that stick in your head like knives.
-Tim

K-9 Posse -- K-9 Posse Arista
Neat-o stereo crushin' hip-hop. Bass will re-arrange yo face. Mean music by what I'm sure are a couple of very nice black men.
-Ed

Sexy porno star Sara Lucas was filming her latest blue movie when she took a tragic tumble — and smashed her 50-inch silicone breasts as flat as pancakes!

Lime Spiders -- Headcleaner Caroline
Why the fuck they re-recorded all the early cool shit I'll never know, maybe to make it more "radio friendly". Anyhow the earlier stuff now sounds as bad as the recent shit.
-Tim

Live Skull -- Positraction Caroline
New line-up = new attitude = new expections. So they're a little more straight-ahead than they have been in the past. So what. "Hasbeens" says Greg. "Ignorant motherfucker" say I. The most radical change comes, I think, from the new frontwoman, Thalia Zedek. Live Skull used to moan about internal states of suffering, existential loneliness, and emotional violence in a dead-pan manner. Thalia is more concerned with human relationships, disappointments, and the pain of love. This more expressive outlook has changed their sound significantly. There're enough hooks on this album to hang a whale on. And instead of sounding like a cold metal box, they sound like a heart tearing in two. And those of you who snigger should get an earful o' this clang. Then you'll be laughing out the other side of your mouth.
There are a few disappointments here, 'specially "Caleb". Sounds like fucking Marillion, even if they've never heard of them. But overall this is hefty. "Hit And Sink", "Sunday Afternoon Whiteout", and "Safe From Me" burn my thalliwacker with the rightousness of throbmaster general. All aboard.
-Ed

Loop -- Fade Out Rough Trade
The first song sounded like Loop got bored with Spacemen 3 and decided to do their best Echo & The Bunnymen imitation. Sure, it was scary, but Loop got into gear for the rest of the alb. They hit me hard, as in an acid hit of heavy reoccurrences with the room melting into a lysergic puddle and the walls doing the breathing act I'm so fond of. And, by the Holy Horns of Horus, the only thing I dropped was the needle to the vinyl. The Loop guitars create psychedelic banshees whose only purpose is to get you tripping to the highest degree. Sorry, Spacemen, forgive me my sins but I like this. A lot.
-Greg

Lydia Lunch & Clint Ruin -- Stinkfist Windowspeak
A sex ritual involving all the things man and woman were meant to take part in, especially coitus and murder. Swift blows of the devil drums summon up humanity in all its violent splendor. This non-stop pounding intensifies the frenzy of an animalistic fuck soundtrack. I see hordes of people taken out into the streets to be shot. I see people playing soccer with skulls. I see the most horrific snuff flick ever imagined including the scene where five-year-olds are forced to eat their typhoid desert from the anuses of freshly killed rats before being chucked whole into the bone meal grinder. A murder cult get-together or just a record?

"I'm a little brain-damaged, you know that," Leary babbled,

It's hell on earth to the masses but heaven for the revolutionaries. It is time to raise Leviathan and Stinkfist will show you how. The vision of a not-so-distant future and/or everyday activities of the most depraved sort. The photos on the sleeve of Clint dorking Lydia alone makes this a crowd pleaser.
-Greg

Marillion -- The Thieving Magpie EMI
Back in the days of tranquil stupidity, I once thought Marillion was the best thing since sliced bread. Don't fret, I quickly grew to hate their boring brand of progressive la-de-fucken-da rock. If I want thieving magpies, I'll watch Heckle and Jeckle.
-Greg

Masters Of Reality -- Masters Of Reality Def American
Rick Rubin continues to be a problem when it comes to signing new acts. People got fed up with 70's metal the first time around. So why are you waxing nostalgic, dickmo?
-Greg

MC 900 Ft Jesus With DJ Zero -- Ep Gonga
Go figure the cover. A B&W photo of a mean black dude and a white guy holding a portrait of Our Savior over his face. Go figure the rapper named MC 900 Ft Jesus who sounds like he's singing for Big Black with lyrics by Foetus. Go figure the DJ. Pretty normal, I guess. The bro scratches his fave cuts over the bonus beats. Go figure the music. Gruff vocals by MC 9-Double-0 or an insane black lady talking about fucking baboons over a mindless guitar sample that will set you walking around the room in circles. Better than artsy underground types (Ciccone Youth, Pop Will Eat Itself, Age Of Chance) and just as rough as Ministry in a sense. Not your typical rap act and this would fit comfortably with all your noise recs.
-Greg

Meatmen -- We're The Meatmen And You Still Suck Caroline
Last release from the legendary and laughable Meatmen. A live document of sorts released so Tesco can buy more purple-titted bondage mags. Classics like "One Down, Three To Go" show that the Meatmen deserve a living ton of respect in the lyrics dept. You suck, the Meatmen don't, and that's about it.
-Greg

Mentors -- Sex, Drugs, And Rock N Roll Medusa
So the Mentors are pigs. That's what makes them good. Well, maybe not good, but try not to sing along with "Women From Sodom". I'll bet you Hitler's lost ball you can't.
-Greg

I knelt behind her, positioning the old power drill against the puckered browneye that led the way to rear paradise.

"Even when he spoke about his powers in black magic and his readings in the occult, nobody thought it was serious."

Mother Love Bone -- Shine Stardog
Imagine Green River taken even further down the road of crowd-pleasing hard-rockism. Suitable for burning.
-Ed

Murphy's Law -- Back With A Bong Profile
More low IQ genericism from New York's worst ska band. Funny as a broken rubber.
-Ed

My Bloody Valentine -- Isn't Anything Creation
A big buzz is going around about M.B.V. which is almost deserved. Some nice quiet trippy stuff and a couple of things that crunch in a Dinosaur Jr. style. Not a great album but I think they got one in them.
-Tim

My Dad Is Dead -- The Best Defense Homestead
Gutless drum machine, whine-whine vocals, guitars that go jingle-jangle; it's a miracle that I dig this. Wouldn't wanna spend too much time listening to it, but 's nice. Bunch of outtakes and lost tracks that are actually not unlike the quiet parts of Crowbar Bathroom Love crossed with any flotsam Volcano Suns rip-off band. And after that, it just gets better...
-Ed

smoke "happy sticks," marijuana joints dipped in PCP or embalming fluid.

N.W.A. -- Straight Outta Compton Ruthless
N.W.A. sounds for No Whites Allowed. Or Niggers With Attitudes. This is the same posse responsible for the Eazy-E record (Eazy, Dr. Dre, Yella, M.C. Ren) plus a bad motherfucker named Ice Cube. Mooks like Cosloy who say rap isn't as mean as it thinks it is should get a handle on N.W.A. As opposed to the Eazy-E disc, this one consists of a Street Side and a Street Side. You'll never hear any of these songs on the radio, take my word for it. Like "Fuck Tha Police" for example. "Without a gun and a badge what do you got?/A sucker in a uniform waitin to get shot" is a couplet from the song that's representative of the sensibility that pervades this slab. The music is a cut above standard hip-hop fair, and the theatrical sense that was evident on Eazy Duz It is here. A little too much 70s style black music influences them, but mean screamers like "Gangsta Gangsta", "Dopeman", "I Ain't Tha 1", and the title track are the bee's fuckin knees. As far as I'm concerned, The Compton Crew is giving Def Jam a run for their money. Pump up the volume, smoke some rock, and get with it.
-Ed

Pandoras -- Rock Hard Restless
They sure as hell don't "rock hard", but they'll do a good job of getting your dick hard. Underground Bangles bullshit, but I saw a pict of one of these babes sucking on a banana and I was

Officer Jim Dunn rescues encountering a man raping a one-legged woman, already in a coma from multiple assaults. She died soon after.

impressed. Sex appeal is cool in this case, but it's still nothing worth having a bird over.
-Greg

P. Children -- P. Ch 3 Vacant Lot
From what I understand this is their second vinyl outing. Ltd edition, clear viynl, clear plastic ink-smeared sleeve. Instrumental industrial grating bringing to mind S.P.K. It's a pristine recording, but most of the noisy elements fail to jell in any sorta way. So you're left with a bunch of puddle anthems. I'm making this out worse than it is, it's just that there's nothing that builds in the music. Which I suppose makes it good to read Burroughs to, if that's where your head's at.
-Ed

Lou Reed -- New York Fuckin Sire
Okay, see this guy used to know what he was doing with VU and shit, pumping out innerestin stuff that shaped a couple of generations of musicians. Then in the 70s he fucked Bowie in the ass and started going crazy cuz the brown stain wouldn't wash off the end of his dick, kinda like Lady Macbeth. So he'd wander into NY clubs fully raped on speed with his prick in his hand, crying bout how he hadn't meant to hurt Bangs' feelings and make him shoot all those people in that McDonald's. Even still, Lou was known to pump out the occasional tooter. In the late 70s and early 80s, Lou got high on life and started making commercials to put his two adopted Taiwanese sex slaves through college. Now looked upon as some sorta cultural icon (yeah, like Madonna), he gets record deals just so they can keep him off the street. People Magazine gave this a bad review and hey, I'd believe them.
-Ed

The Replacements -- Don't Tell A Soul Fuckin Sire Again
Imagine that the Replacements had been birthed in '88 and this was their very first yelp. They appear on Fuckin Sire and "I'll Be You" gets as much MTV play as it does right now. Certain people would praise em, and they wouldn't be the type you'd like to spend a weekend with. And the rats who followed the 'Placements outta the gutter and into fame who say "They're still cool" would be yoodling a different tune. Now after that confusing slush of verbosity lemme say this; someone's gonna die.
-Ed

Zoogz Rift -- Murdering Hell's Happy Cretins SST
A live record that I'm not going to thumb my nose at cuz I don't want some 300-pound island of living puke coming after me.
-Greg

Run Westy Run -- Run Westy Run SST
¢ @ %¢&*¢$& %¢& #$!
-Greg

If Elvis' records still bring in a mint, just think what a home movie showing him romping in the raw with a bunch of fillies would be worth.

Saint Vitus -- Mournful Cries SST
Born too late doesn't float here and the Buttholes do the Sabbath thing better than anybody. Dirge metal could be better defined as sludge with a bad beat. I think they let their beer bellies get in the way of playing their instruments. Imagine hefty biker dudes with tattos doing "Iron Man". Enough to make you wanna poke your eyes out, heave all over your boots, and put a slug in your dome just so you can escape that thought, right-o?
-Greg

Kim Salmon & The Surrealists -- Hit Me With That Surreal Feel Black Eye
The Scientists were one of the greatest bands to ever come down the pike and Kim Salmon was essentially the Scientists. Salmon's first solo album has all the swamp murk of the best Scientists stuff combined with a druggy psych feel to it that sounds just fine.
-Tim

Screaming Tribesmen -- Bones And Flowers Speedo
Ag. I can bet you'll be seeing these boyos sandwiched tween heavy rotation Replacements and Dead Milkmen vids on MTV. But don't worry, I'm paying someone to break their arms.
-Ed

Spacemen 3 -- Playing With Fire Fire Records
Here's a gospel record of sorts by some English white boys who are more concerned with chemicals than spirituals. I'm talking LSD, THC, MDMA, PCP, anything that people take just to make this life a little less hellish. Spacemen 3 are about feeling good in a world where that is nearly impossible without sex, drugs, or rock n roll. They deal with the latter two and they do it well. So well, in fact, that they are the only English band I will ever worship.
-Greg

Spacemen 3 -- Revolution 12"
Okay, three songs that offer a little taste of the Spacemen's sound. "Revolution" played LOUD will get you kneeling at the Shrine of the Spacemen with the Invisible Fire aflame in your head. The B-side tracks, "Che" and "May The Circle Be Unbroken", are softer and more ethereal.
-Greg

Tad -- God's Balls Sub Pop
If a pack of renegade Hell's Angels were ripping apart your hometown cause they were drunk and bored, this would be the soundtrack. Loud, head-busting, bar-brawling thug rock that hits like a sucker chain blow to the solar plexus. Led by man-mountain Tad, this Seattle band is loud as fuck. The guitar can slither like a slug on a razor and turn on you like a friend with a split personality. One song brings to mind Blowout-era White Zombie

while another sounds like Head Of David would if they were an American band. I can't give you anymore so listen for yourself. If you're like I was in thinking that Sub Pop was for suckers, Tad will slice the sneer from your face.
-Greg

Tall Dwarfs -- Hello Cruel World Homestead
Compilation of previous TD EPs. They're kinda like New Zeland's four track answer to Syd Barret. Too bad I didn't dig the old Syd Barret all that much. The sheer bulk of this thing is a little daunting, so it's best taken in small doses.
-Ed

That Petrol Emotion -- Live Mansfield
Various and sundry types (dance, underground hipsters, club hoppers) have greased joocy white all over these Irish dipshits. Why? Good question. They'll put a smile on the average joe's face that I'd just as soon wipe off with a chainsaw. Twiddle bop white boys with pineapple do's mesh funk with skitter-scatter guitar and vocals with a "message" that are twenty times as annoying as Jello Biafra. I'd only touch these dicksmacks with a cattle prod. Erin go fuck yourself.
-Ed

Lovely wife enjoys wearing garter belts and kneeling as a cocksucker and whore. Classy black man who would like a safe, clean, white whore wife to suck your dick, write.

Thelonius Monster -- Stormy Weather Relativity
Weepy-time trash by a buncha cocks with what sounds like Twinkies shoved in their a-holes. I'd love to see these "men" eaten by maggots. From the inside out.
-Ed

They Might Be Giants -- Lincoln Restless
Too much loser buttflexing for me to handle.
I like They Might Be Vaginas much better.
-Greg

Thin White Rope -- Red Sun Frontier
Hi-ho silver, we've got some clever clucks here. They's got their dicks stuck in their guitars, so hang em high with, of course, a thin white rope.
-Greg

Throbbing Gristle -- Heathen Earth
This record isn't new, per se, but it's new to my consciousness. Heathen Earth is an in-the-studio document of Throbbing Gristle's live spontaneous creativity. The thing I love about TG is the underlying current of evil in their music. Like the Butthole Surfers, there is something horrific yet ambiguous lurking in each song. An entity waiting for a chance to break through the gates and fatally maul the listener. The ghosts that float out of the speakers with the sounds become very real and very scary. Never before has a band fully lived up to its name. What does Throbbing Gristle sound like? Imagine smooth electronic

humming that can turn schizo at any given moment, swelling noises that move with the pulses of your body, and grinding rhythms that walk all over you with hobnail boots. The British Parliment called them "The wreckers of civilisation" and I call them geniuses. If you've never heard them, I call you stupid. Get your ass to the nearest import section and call forth the forces of Chaos.
-Greg

Treacherous Jaywalkers -- Good Medicine SST
The worst SST release in many moons. But I can't really say that cause all SST releases are bad. There oughta be a law.
-Greg

Thomas Truax And His Dark Tricks -- Spook Show Dark Trick
Terrifingly bad cheesy-horror-caberet-wavo-dance crap. Stay away at all costs.
-Ed

V/A -- Back To The Grindstone KO City
An indie industrio strength dance wave sampler of sorts filled with enough ear rot to stun an ox with. It's like searching veins of fool's gold to get to the motherlode. The real stuff on here is from Mental Anguish and it's called "A Long Trip Through A Short Hole". Imagine stumbling into a bottomless pit where time, space, and sound are stretched out of shape like some bimbo in a rubbery bondage suit. The only other cut on here worth mentioning is by Gelatinous Citizen, who sound like Skinny Puppy minus the soupy indulgence.
-Greg

V/A -- Def Jam Classics Vol. 1 Def Jam
A worthwhile compilation of all the best acts Def Jam has to offer. Specifically, Beastie Boys, Public Enemy, and LL Cool J. The one song that makes this a must is LL's "Jack The Ripper" (if you missed it as a single, it was the flip of "Goin' Back To Cali"). This fist-in-your-face rap manifesto full of B-Boy fury was played non-stop at the Ug Am offices when it first appeared. It will now get top billing as one of the best rap tracks ever recorded. Pump it up and float on the bass like a magic carpet.
-Greg

V/A -- The Melting Pot SST
All proceeds from this are supposed to finance more of Dave Markey (Teenage Lovedolls)'s films. If you care enough, pick up this record composed of covers by SST "artists". Some stuff isn't that bad; Algebra Suicide's ethereal take on "Tales Of Brave Ulysses", Sonic Youth's doing "I Am Right" (but I miss Jack Brewer's whiny-fuck voice), and surprisingly the mooks involved somehow avoided seriously embarassing themselves (which is usually par for the SST course). Wonders never cease.
-Ed

"There are three terrible side effects to psychedelic drugs. The first is long-term memory gain. The second is short-term memory loss, and I forget the third."

V.A. -- Subpop 200 Subpop

Three records, a book of pictures, and a box. About half of this is great and the best stuff on here doesn't come from who you'd expect (Tad has the best song on here). The only problem I see is that pretty soon (if it's not too late), Subpop will be tagged with an SP sound, and bands will be SP bands. The same shit happened with SST. For SST it was retro-hippie shit and for Subpop it'll be retro-guitar-murk shit. Right now they're the best label around (outside of Amphetimine Reptile), let's hope they don't fuck it up. Recent singles by Helios Creed and Les Thugs are a good sign.

-Tim

Wargasm -- Why Play Around? Profile

Why play around is right. Three piece speedmetal outfit whose output is twice as ugly as the band photo. Mean as Motorhead ever was, and that's a mouthful. Perfect sounds for your pit of one. Sure, it all makes the same noise, but drop the needle on "Humanoid" or "Undead" and see if you don't want to hit someone. Hard.

-Ed

White Zombie -- Make Them Die Slowly Caroline

Recorded a dizzying three times and still it's got no kick. More structured and metallish thanks to the polluted input of one Bill Laswell. You still gotta love those mumbo-jumbo never-learned-how-to-sing vocals by Rob "Dick" Stryker. The noise factor has been eradicated by clean production. That's just one reason not to bother. The other is that somewhere these freaks got the idea they wanted to be heavy metal gods. Jolly hey, blow me away.

-Greg

Wrecking Crew -- Balance Of Terror Hawker

I think these are the same dudes from that hapless rap act, The World Class Wreckin Cru. Anyway, some asshole college type from Boston told me this was the best thing going on there. Never trust an asshole and don't go near Beantown unless Kilslug happen to be getting back together to raise drug money.

-Greg

LOVE:

N.W.A. -- Straight Outta Compton
Tad -- God's Balls
Spacemen 3 -- Playing With Fire
Foetus Interruptus -- Thaw
Live Skull -- Positraction
Loop -- Fade Out
A.C. Temple -- Blowtorch
Eazy-E --Eazy Duz It
The Clean -- Compilation
L. Lunch/C. Ruin -- Stinkfist

HATE:

Dead Milkmen -- Beelzebubba
They Might Be Giants -- Lincoln
Thelonius Monster -- Stormy Weather
That Petrol Emotion -- Live
Murphy's Law -- Back With A Bong
Gaye Bikers On Acid -- Stewed To The Gills
Treacherous Jaywalkers -- Good Medicine
Run Westy Run -- Run Westy Run
Big Dipper -- Craps
Gang Green -- I81B4U

SINGLES

the boy got a butcher knife and sliced off his testicles while he was alone in his father's tool shed.

The Bastards -- "Frank"/"Loser" Treehouse
Not as immediately head stomping as their last single ("Shit For Brains") but after a couple listens it kicks in, hard. More speedy-hardcore-ish than the last one but still heavy and goonish. A real under-rated band on an under-rated label.
-Tim

Butthole Surfers -- The Texas Chainsaw Massacre boot no label
I'm like Jaws when it comes to the Buttholes; I'm always hungry and I'll snap up everything. Sure, I won't be putting this on ever again, but since it's by the Texas Twisters I just don't give a fuck. By the way, it's got two live songs ("Cherub", "Come Together") and nothing more.
-Greg

Chemical People -- Black Throat 2" Pecker
The Chemical People get my respect for covering a great theme song from an even better Traci Lords tour de fuck. They do it definate justice by keeping that booming bass and the classic chorus of "Oh oh black throat" that I guarantee will be tattoed on your brain, popping up at the most unexpected times. If you don't have a copy of Black Throat, The Movie, hop on this.
-Greg

Flaming Lips -- "Drug Machine"/"Strychnine" Sub Pop
The best thing they've done since the first EP. Heavy, sloppy, non fey psych. The B-side is pretty dumb.
-Tim

Helios Creed -- "Nothing Wrong"/"The Sky" Sub Pop
If Steve Albini played like Hendrix it would probably sound like this. Now try and forget that that's the stupidest description you've read in a while and buy the single. Ex-Chromester Creed turns in one of the best singles so far this year.
-Tim

Les Thugs -- "Chess & Crimes"/"Sunday Time" Sub Pop
Loud agressive guitar pop reminescent of Australia's Bam Balaams. Real good.
-Tim

Strangulated Beatoffs -- "Shake Your Dick"/"Strangle Me" Firefighter
The other half of Drunks With Guns (Stan Seitrich) shits out what has to be one of the worst singles I've ever heard. Dumb, boring, no guitar pus, a waste of money. If there was any doubt about the brains behind DWG this single will prove it was Doskocil's ballgame all along.
-Tim

A man casually walked from table to table in a crowded beachside restaurant — completely naked and shouting "Hail Satan."

TAPES

Anthrophobia -- 88 no label
A metal-minded punk outfit that definately has its own sound. Yelled lyrics and heavy power chords add up to something akin to an Agent Orange VS. Motorhead creature feature. I'm not a big fan of this sound but if this sounds like your bag, grab a hold of this with gusto.
-Greg
($4.00 to Anthrophobia, 254 S. 15th St.2F, Philadelphia, PA 19102)

Dwarves -- We Kill Cock Throbbin Nasty Gash
Punk rock is dead due to the basic stupidity of punks. The Dwarves prove that punk will occasionally rise from the grave to kick my obnoxious ass all over the place. 4 songs on a Maxell tape for 7 bucks so this is basically a ripoff. Not that the Dwarves are out for the almighty $, but it could be due to the fact that Caroline has stepped into to distribute for them. Oh well, pick up the record that's soon to be released cause it promises to be a real humdinger, something that will suck out your I-balls with the fury of a Nubian snakecharmer.
-Greg

Orifice -- A Pretty Nice Guy...A Pretty Good Liar no label
I was under the impression that this was going to be released on vinyl, but I guess something fell threw. Well, take Bauhaus and throw them into a woodchipper with a Big Black spinoff and you sorta get the idea of what Orifice sounds like. Sorta. I like this sound of gloom crunch and the lyrics about sex and death put a smile on my face. Do what thou wilt.
-Greg
(Write to; 19 Shady Lawn Dr., Churchville, PA 18966)

23rd Generator -- Hypnosis Vol. 1 no label
A cheap, but worthwhile, tape of audio disorientation. Layers of noise waves manipulated in the same manner that Gibby does to his vocals. Bells and mumbled TV voices will float in and out of the lo-fi mix like a weirdo alien radio station emitting mind controllng frequencies. A little notice on the tape insert suggests that it be played at maximum volume so it can affect your subconscious. A tip that should definately be heeded by the listener cause you wouldn't want to miss out, trust me.
-Greg
(Write C/o Bob Freed, 1637 Clearbrook Rd, Lansdale, PA 19446)

Places where entities are likely to latch on to you include **hospitals**. People die in hospitals, so they are very heavily populated with spirits who remain earthbound. The same is true of **funeral homes**.

VIDEOS

The Last Blast Black Label

Quality video of Big Black's final frog fart at the Georgetown Steamplant, Seattle, Washington. Several cams, an eight-track recording re-mixed by the Bini kid himself, this thing just spits quality. Matter of fact, it's up there with the Butthole's Blind Eye Sees All and the Swans' A Long Slow Screw (two video musts).

The format of this thing is to recreate the show in its entirety; the opening acts are on here, too. Roland Barker + James Husted play weird Eastern-sounding electro-mood dance muzak to the sparse, milling crowd. Then Jesse Bernstein comes out and announces "No music. I am a novelist." Funny thing is that he looks more like yer inbred 60-year-old Uncle Gump, you know, the one with tattoos who works on motorcycles. He puts down his working-class Burroughs schtick for about five minutes with "page 44" of his "novel", "Personal Effects". He comes off with the best throwaway line on the vid:

Heckler: "Music!"

Berstein: "This is music, asshole."

Then Big Black bound onto the stage, ready for their last concert ever. Steve should've taken my advice and started out with "Cables" instead of "Fists Of Love" but you can't tell him anything. They get off to a slow start by following it with "Bad Penny" which cooks halfway through. But then "Cables" comes and they're ripe and ready, stomping around and playing that fucker to death. "The Model" drags as always, but it was a bad idea in the first place so what do you want. "Dead Billy", that lame piece of shit from Lungs, becomes awesomely stagger-inspiring. Looking like Judas Priest with those synchronized three-pronged guitar swings, they ride the lumbering dinosaur for all it's worth. They rock through "Big Money", "Kerosene", and "Jordan, Minnesota" before trashing their equipment lamely and setting off the obligatory fireworks. There's some weird aborted interview spliced between a few songs (a la Blind Eye Sees All), but it seems like they decided it was a bad idea and gave up halfway through. Fun to spot the various celebs in the audience (Jello Biafra, Ian Mackaye, and Alan Jourgensen) studying techniques. All in all a good buy.

-Ed

Thee Films 1950's - 1960's

Put out by the Temple Of Psychick Youth, these are five films made by Anthony Balch with W.S. Burroughs that have been rotting in a cardboard box in Genesis P-Orridge's basement. Plotless, structureless, most of this consists of following Burroughs around Tangiers, Paris, and New York. Nothing really shocking here (cept a short clip of Burroughs shooting up, which gave me a little thrill), just Bill trying to apply his theories of cut-up to film. The last film is an hour barrage of images with Burroughs reading over it that's fairly interesting, especially if you've been hitting the blotter (five minute shots of Burroughs face that mimic the effect of staring in the mirror while on A). If you're an art fag I guess this is mandatory stuff to have around to impress the "right" people, but I just use it to annoy my roommates. Your move.